THE SOLSTICE

Concordia University
Thursday, July 19, 1979
Volume II, No. 7

Fine Arts Department all primed to relocate to Dorchester building

By ALAN KAUFMAN

The long awaited Fine Arts building is under the final stages of completion. Concordia's Faculty of visual Fine Arts will have a new residence this September.

Formerly Mid-Town Motors on Dorchester Boulevard between Crescent and Bishop Streets, the revamped building will house 1,800 students.

Associate Dean Edwy Cooke said "it has changed remarkably from when it was just a hollow shell. It's a complicated building, renovations costing four million dollars." When asked how he felt about the building he said "everyone has a good feeling about the move. Responses have been positive with no complaints. Even those difficult to please are anxious to get used to the space and adopt to their new lifestyle."

Jennifer Martin, President of the Fine Arts Faculty Association and a representative on the legislative council of CUSA told *The Solstice*: "I'm a little bit worried. I don't want to be isolated from the rest of the school. On one hand, we are working towards unifying the spirit of the students-referring to CUSA, on the other hand, we are taking an entire faculty & fragmenting it from the rest of the student population."

However, she said she thinks it is important for the fine arts students to feel a common sense of purpose "which is more easily fostered in one building."

Because fine arts enrolment has steadily increased, the facilities in the Hall building were quickly outgrown. A planning committee comprised of Dean Pinsky, Associate Dean Cooke, and two members of staff, Professor John Smith and Professor Lacki have been planning the move for one and a half years.

Cinema, photography and audio-visual facilities will be housed in the basement, while the first and second floors will be occupied by sculpture, graphic design and art education departments.

A lunchroom, designed to seat 75, with provisions for hot meals and vending machines, will occupy the third level.

Studios will take up most of the fourth and fifth floor space: art and drawing on the fourth, and print-making, lithography, silkscreening, etching and crafts on the fifth.

In constrasting the Hall building with the new building Cooke said, "For the first time there is a ceramics studio and a gallery space where students can show their own work on a regular basis."

A few studios are still in operation on the fifth floor of the Hall Building until summer courses finish. Mathematics and Education Departments will move to the 5th floor as well as student lounges and more study space.

Andrew Spiegel

All systems are go as workers begin the final stage of completion of the new Fine Arts building. The department will move to their new locationn on Dorchester Street in time for classes in September.

Roving bear chosen for mascot

By JEAN-PIERRE BOUCHARD

The Concordia University Student Association (CUSA) Finance Committee is going to have a lot of work over the next few weeks.

That's the impression one would get after their meeting at the Loyola campus on Monday.

Louis Francescutti, Co-president of CUSA, proposed a motion for a mascot for Concordia. The mascot will be a bear, pending the approval of the finance committee.

"I'm willing to put up my honorarium to get this bear", said Francescutti. "That's how much I want it."

The purpose of the mascot is to promote the university through appearances at student functions and at sport activities. By presenting a high profile, the "crazy bear" will help promote the university to the community (along the same line as 'Youpi at the Big O').

This prompted engineering representatives at the meeting to forward heir own motion for funds to repair the "Bogge-mobile", also to enhance the possibilities of more public relations for the University.

The bogge-mobile was used as a float several years ago in the Grey Cup Parade and was awarded a prize for its humourous originality. It is a '57 Studebaker which has a broken down engine and transmission. The engineers said it would take four or five hundred dollars to repair the "outhouse on wheels".

In a more serious vein, several committees were formed to make reports on the issues of course evaluation and pre-examination study periods.

A committee (comprised of the Academic Vice-president, the Treasury Vice-President, one co-president and a legislator from each faculty) will forward a progress report on course evaluation at the next CUSA meeting. It will emphasize the relevance, applicability and financing of the evaluation.

The Concordia Orientation Programme (COP) Chairman, Alain Lajoie, made his report to the executive council. COP will start on August 20th and continue until the 2nd of October, with orientation including 9 beer bashes taking place in the last four weeks.

CUSA is also implementing a price increase for Reggie's Pub. Starting September, beer will cost 75 cents for domestic and 85 cents for imports, with a shot of liquour going up to $1.30. The new prices may be raised again in December if the Pub Committee's report favours such a move. The price increases are less than those proposed by SAGA Foods, which manages the concession for CUSA.

Students are enthused by exchange program

By SONIA SELLAN

One hundred ninety-three students are visiting Concordia this summer with an unusual project in mind. To learn English... in Quebec? Actually, Concordia is the only university in the province to offer this program to French-speaking students.

Supervised by Continuing Education at Concordia, the program consists of a six-week intensive study course in English, subsidized by the federal government.

It is entirely free of charge to 130 of these students who have been granted a bursary. The others are "independent" students and therefore pay the $450 tuition fee, which does not include meals or accomodations.

For the rest, meals and accomodations with an English-speaking family for the six-weeks of the course are included.

According to Maria Girio, who is organizing the summer program, it is a great success.

"It's a lot of fun, really," she said. "We've had the program running for seven years but there is a much bigger turnout this year for some reason."

The fun she is referring to are activities which are planned by Conted for the students. Aside from the regular five hours of classes per day, they are encouraged to participate in drama productions, dance workshops and even to work on their own newspaper.

One student said she is looking forward to the active social scene as much as learning English during the next six weeks. "After all," she said in French, "what better way to learn English than to have English friends?"

Vahe Barsoum

Maria Girio (below) family co-ordinator of the Continuing Education Language Institute, with administrator Gwynn Cherrier (above) taking care of business at registration for the student exchange courses.

happenings

The Department of English, Concordia University, announces a colloquium entitled—**Jottings Toward a Revaluation of James Agee**, to be given by Professor Alfred T. Barson of Napa, California. The colloquium will be held on Thursday, July 19 at 4 p.m. in the English seminar room, Sir George Williams campus (1405 Bishop Street). All interested persons are welcome.

Classified

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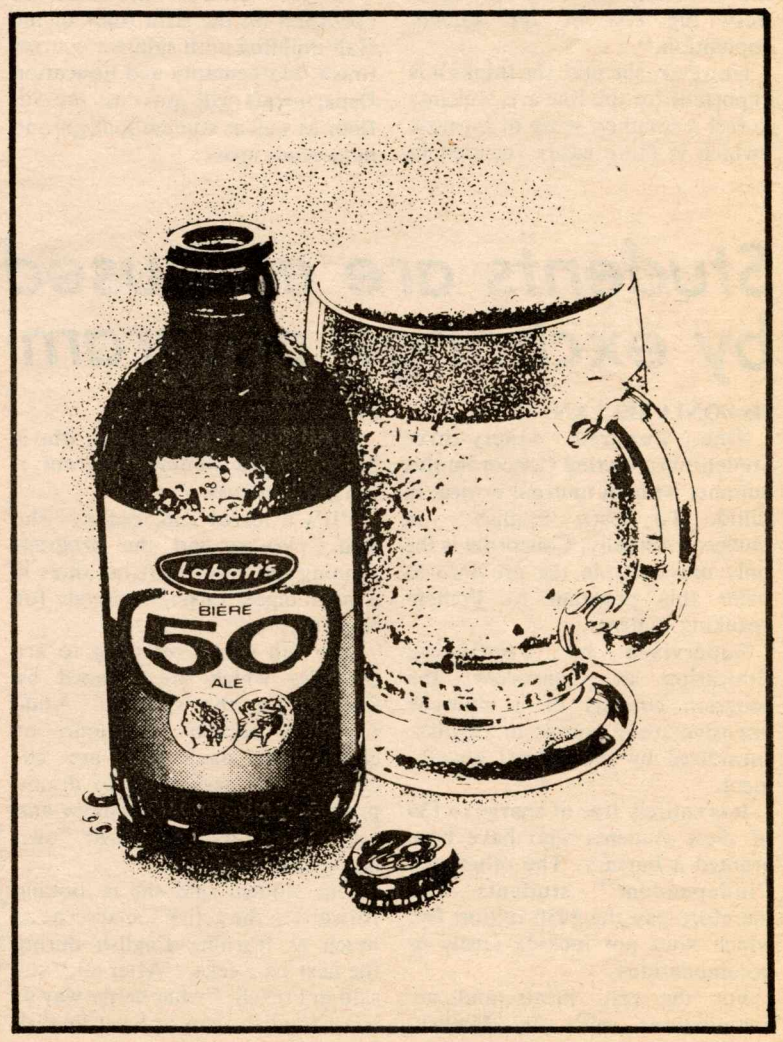


Concordia Childcare Centre

Daycare "low priority" in society say experts

By PEGGY BERKOWITZ

John and Elizabeth Stark have always considered university education a priority for their children. It's costing them $475 for their son's first year tuition fees at Concordia University.

Susan Freed, a professor at Sir George Williams campus, and her husband Arthur are also sending their child to Concordia but it's costing them $1,520 for their daughter's first eight months at school.

No, Virginia, the foreign fee differential has not skyrocketed again. It's just that the Freeds are not sending their daughter to university at Concordia, they're sending her to the Child Care Centre.

The above scenario is fictitious but that is exactly what it would cost a couple at the top end of a sliding income scale who wish to make use of Concordia's daycare centre. For a family at the other end of the scale, the monthly fee would be much less—a dollar a day with the full government subsidy. And even for a family earning over $30,000, to spend $400 on two children's monthly pre-school fees is a big bite.

The fact that such a high burden falls to some parents is not the fault of the Child Care Centre, nor can the government or university take the full blame.

Concordia Child Care actually gets more financial support from the rector's office, student services, personnel department and government subsidies than do most universities' daycares.

The blame must fall on all our shoulders. Our society does not consider early childhood education a priority.

Looked at from another angle, a newly-hired child care worker with a degree earns $180 a week.

"The salaries are higher than those in most daycare centres, but then all child care workers are underpaid," says Patsy Lightbown, who has sent two children to Concordia's daycare and has sat on the priority-setting executive body, "Most of our budget goes to salaries, which is how it should be... their jobs are just not valued by society as highly as other jobs."

Reputation

All parents contacted by the Solstice were unanimous on one point—the quality of supervision and care their children receive at the centre.

"It's hard to find any kind of child care facility where they receive satisfactory parenting. I think the reason Concordia is so good is the high ratio of teachers to children," says Lightbown, quoting the ratio as 1 to 4 most of the time.

Sherry Andrew, the director of the centre, says a priority is to duplicate the kind of care a child would receive at home, which means a mixture of structured and unstructured activities.

Donna White, chairperson of the executive board for three years in a row and professor in Concordia's Education Department, says, "We're aiming for the optimum in learning and child care. Partly because we're university affiliated, our standards are very high."

Concordia's Child Care Centre can accomodate 43 children at any one time, but because many children attend part-time, it can service about 80 families. Three quarters of the available places are for students' children, and the remaining quarter are filled by offspring of Concordia's faculty and staff.

Last year there was no waiting list, and there probably will not be one this year, says White.

"This is partly because we don't have facilities for infants.(The youngest age they can take is two and a half years.) It's also possible that people know we run at capacity and don't bother to apply," adds White. Children can stay a maximum of eight hours a day, although the centre is open between 8:30 am and 6 pm.

"Eight hours is a very long day for a pre-schooler," explains the director, Sherry Andrew

The program includes free play, outdoor activities, music, art-work, manual activities, stories, excursions, and naps and snacks. Jorge Perez, who has sent his child to the centre for two years, is very happy with the results.

"Alexander is an only child, and he learned how to socialize and make friends with other children," says Perez.

The child care centre has a grant to purchase some new equipment and the outdoor playground will be renovated and enlarged by the fall. Tricycles, trampolines, paints, toys, and instruments are among the property available for kids to use.

"The space is far from ideal," says executive chairperson, White. "Every year we go hunting for better facilities."

Right now the centre is housed in the Masonic Temple at 2305 St. Marc. They have office space, and two rooms—one small and one large, with a kitchen and bathroom attached. They would prefer a place designed with children in mind, rather than "a big empty hall."

New Direction

A major problem the centre has suffered from in the past couple years is incontinuity of direction. The last three directors have left one after the other, staying with the centre for a matter of months. Part of the problem is that the salary has not been very "attractive."

However, everyone seems confident that the new director, hired last January, intends to stay for a reasonable amount of time, and bring more continuity and long-range goals to the centre.

"We're turning over a new leaf," says Director Andrew, who worked for the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal before taking on the position at Concordia.

Andrew says the centre is unusual in that it serves three functions. First and foremost it's a daycare centre, but is also a training ground for first year students following the early childhood education program, and is available for people within the university doing research.

This year Andrew will teach the supervision course to the first year students, who spend one full day each week in the centre. There are usually five students there at one time, which helps explain the very good teacher-child ratio.

"Except for the fact that they'd like us to run 24 hours a day all year-long, there haven't been any complaints from parents," says Andrew. She adds that they have recently run surveys which show that there is not a high enough demand for a year-round daycare centre, probably because three-quarters of their clients are students.

Both Andrew and White mentioned that they would like to see more involvement on the part of parents.

"We have terrific parent input on the executive, but it hasn't gone any further," says White. The executive board is composed of parent, teacher, and university representatives, and the director.

Andrew says it is unfortunate to see such low turn-out at parent-teacher meetings, especially in a university environment.

No job security

Shelley Pomerance, one of the four full time workers, will begin her second year at the centre in the fall. With a B.A. with a specialty in early childhood education, the lack of job security bothers her as much as the salary of $195 a week. She is hired for eight months, laid off for the summer when she collects unemployment, and rehired in September.

"You should be recompensed for the fact that it's not year-round work," says Pomerance. "Maybe the university should take more responsibility."

She's not the only one who finds the working conditions lacking. Dr. Mona Farrell, director of the early childhood aducation program at Concordia, says she does not think teachers should get high salaries at the start of their careers, but deplores the current insecure situation for daycare workers.

"The only thing for people working under those conditions is to get themselves organized, so they can protect themselves against the hazards of a job situation that offers no security and very few benefits," says Farrell. She thinks a "moderate" union with "reasonable demands" would be a good thing.

McGill

Daycare Inadequate

By Molly Dane
of the McGill Daily

Daycare at McGill is too little of a good thing. The facilities are sorely inadequate for a university of McGill's size.

McGill's immediate community comprises 21,100 students and approximately 6,000 academic and non-academic staff. However, on-campus facilities accommodate only 40 children aged six months to four years.

The McGill Community Family Center, founded in 1972, is the result of a long struggle between the administration and several parent groups on campus.

While the Center has often been accused of being elitist and discriminatory, it has established an admittance policy that seems fair enough in face of such high demand. The policy submitted by a Parent Membership Committee, stipulated that children are eligible only if both parents are working or studying, one parent at McGill.

Children are placed on a waiting list by date of original application and are accepted in that order.

Preference is then given to children of single parent families and siblings of children already attending the Center.

Daycare at McGill costs $190 per month for 2-5-year olds and $200 per month for infants. Because the Center is entirely self-supporting, it does not provide extensive subsidies for needy families. The provincial government scales its subsidies, with a maximum of $9 per day per child.

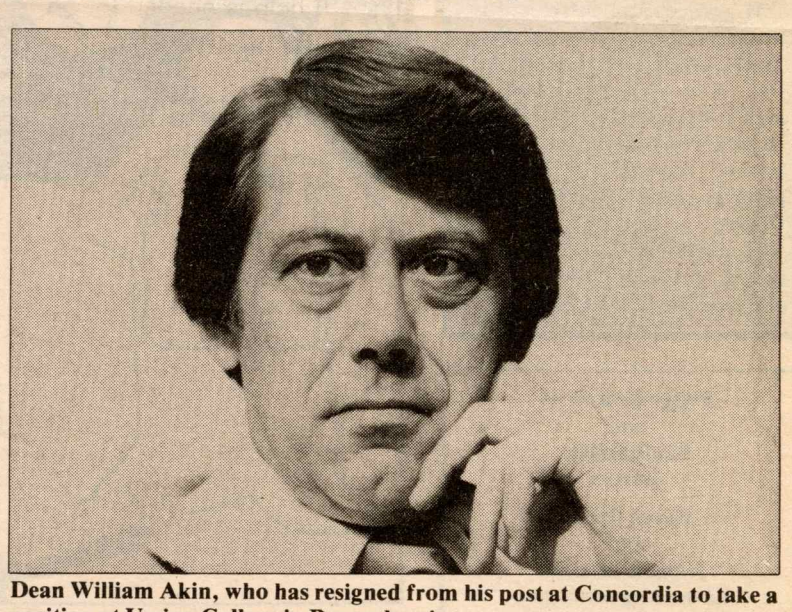
McGill Student Services and the Students' Society have not supported Daycare. The Center is financed and administered totally by the member families. Weng-Gerrity, center co-ordinator, said, "We are prepared to double in size but there is no room." The university has been unable to find an alternative location.

For the 40 children who are fortunate enough to have been admitted, the Center is an exceptional place. The building is bright and warm. The children seem relaxed and happy.

The McGill Community Family Center is not a Drop-in Center. All children are required to attend at least three and one half days per week. The self-proclaimed philosophy of the Centre is "providing a home away from home with a programme which offers maximum opportunity for the child to develop his full potential through play experience and discovery. Learning is made available, it is not imposed."

The teachers seek to "help a child form a positive self-concept by a supportive attitude, and being open to creativity."

If McGill parents are dissatisfied with the present lack of daycare facilities, they are a silent majority. The Community Family Center exists almost unnoticed, tucked away on a corner of the campus. Students seeking child care facilities are advised by the Students' Society handbook to "look elsewhere".



Dean William Akin, who has resigned from his post at Concordia to take a position at Ursina College in Pennsylvania.

Dean Akin joins the exodus, moves to the United States

By JEAN-PIERRE BOUCHARD

Dr. William Akin, Dean of Arts and Science Division I, at Concordia is resigning on July 31st, joining the exodus from Quebec.

Dean Akin has accepted an offer from Ursinus College in Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

"My desire to move to the United States and teach in a smaller school along with other personal reasons helped to make my decision," he stated in an interview earlier this week.

Akin has been the Dean of Arts and Science Division I since 1977. He has taught in the geography department at both Loyola and Sir George Williams for the last ten years.

"It's been the best ten years of my life", he said, reflecting on a decade of change. During his last two years at Concordia, he has worked hard in the reorganization of the joint Arts and Science Faculties, and says he feels he has achieved his goals as a Dean at Concordia University.

"I'll miss my colleagues here," he added, "but it's time to move on."

comment

La Ronde Tragedy

Bucks come before safety

By SONIA SELLAN

Several days ago, people in and around Montreal were witness to one of the worst displays of mockery of human life which has happened in a long time.

What I am talking about is the boat tragedy at La Ronde last Friday where three people lost their lives.

Not only were there no authorities patrolling the area in case of such an event, but other safety precautions were totally non-existent.

Examples?

—The few life jackets there were on the overcrowded boat could not be reached unless one climbed on the seats to get them.

—Only one crew member was on board the boat and he was occupied steering the vessel.

—That same crew member knew the boat was defective but only planned to tell the owner at the end of the day.

—The boat, which is supposed to be inspected every year, had its last inspection in May 1976.

—Transport Canada passed the buck and said the onus is on the owner of the boat to have it inspected every year.

—An ambulance did not arrive until 45 minutes after the tragedy.

—Rescue workers did not begin looking for victims which might have been trapped underwater until one hour after the tragedy.

So far, this is what has been found out, and perhaps all that will be told to the public. Are our lives so unimportant that nothing is done to ensure that we live in a relatively safe environment?

It is scandalous to think we cannot enjoy ourselves on a pleasure boat ride and be assured that, if anything should happen, help is not far away.

A lot has been said about the fact that only one person jumped into the water to save these people. However, in a place like La Ronde, no bystander should have to risk his or her life to save someone; there should be professional rescue workers on sight ready to offer assistance. Instead, we choose to ignore the gross negligence by officials at Man and His World and blame the shocked onlookers.

It is sad to think three people had to die to point out what was going on. We must now assure ourselves before taking any kind of ride at Man and His World, that precautions are in effect to avoid risks with our lives.

La Ronde's boat tragedy is not an instance of one single oversight. If at least one aspect of safety had been properly handled, lifejackets in their proper place or officials on the scene for immediate rescue operations, we can estimate the tragedy might have been on a smaller scale. The outrage is the total lack of safety precautions on the part of everyone involved. The cynic in us assumes that the city's and the boat owner's inhuman attitudes are not unique.

The Georgian

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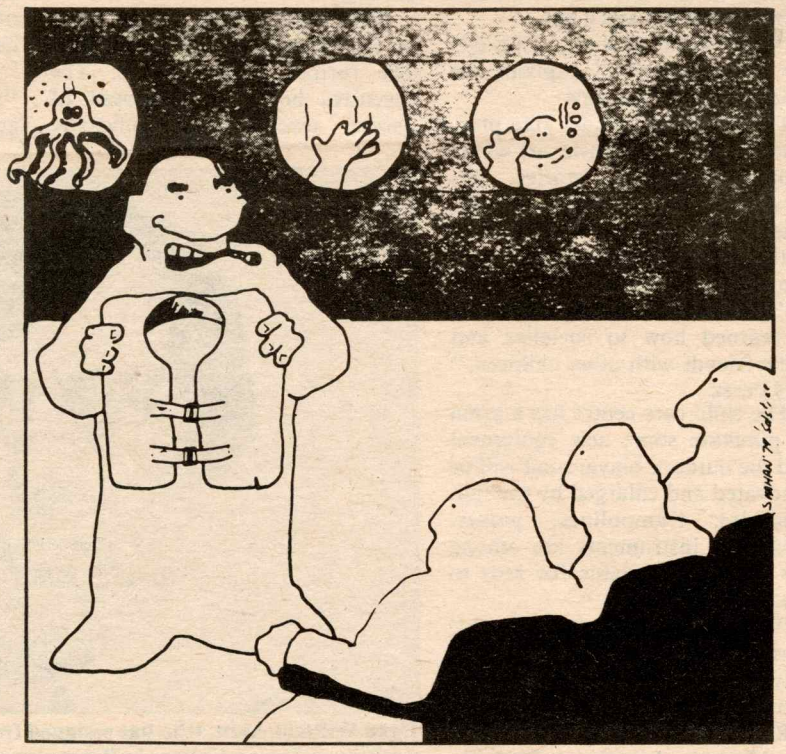


All right folks! What's your bid for this quality life-jacket?

letters

Dear Editor:

On June 20th the Assembly of the Simone de Beauvoir Institute voted on the entries submitted to the Institute's Logo-Graphic Competition.

The winning entry is a curvaceous, highly stylized 'SB' in deep pink and black, and was submitted by student number 8385653. Help! The computer seems unable to identify this student.

If you or any of your readers know who she or he may be, we would appreciate hearing from you. After all, there is a prize of $25.00!

Please call Frances, at 879-7319, or Anita, at 879-8521.

Many thanks.

Frances Bauer

American U

notes on higher education

COMPILED By ALAN MORANTZ

If it is true that everything Jimmy Carter touches turns to stone, then the proposed formation of a cabinet-level department of education will die on the drawing board. Elevating education from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) was a major campaign promise in Carter's bid for the Presidency in 1976.

The proposal passed peacefully through the Senate in April and it just squeaked through the House of Representatives last week. But the bill that passed through the House was so laden with controversial amendments—some inserted on purpose—that reconciling it with the straight forward Senate version might prove impossible. For example, amendments favouring prayer in public schools and banning busing to achieve racial balance, among others, are unacceptable to Senate liberals.

Already one lobbying group, the United Auto Workers, said that because of some amendments it can no longer support the House version of the bill, though it still favours creating a new department of education.

Education is an enormous industry, accounting for nearly 10 per cent of the country's gross national product. It accounts for nearly 40 per cent of all state and local budgets, but the federal share is relatively small.

Those in Congress who want a separate department of education say education needs more visibility and clout. The budget of the Department of HEW is $185 billion, but only $12.5 billion goes to education. In addition, the secretary of HEW gives it only a small fraction of his time. Decisions on policy are either neglected or made by lower-level bureaucrats who lack the authority to get things done. And a separate department, it is said, would help consolidate the mishmash of 300 programs now administered through 40 agencies.

Opponents of a cabinet-level education department fear greater federal control of a traditionally state and local concern. And some civil rights and labour groups that now enjoy strong positions of influence over social legislation, fear their power would be affected if programs and policies in which they are vitally interested were transferred to a new department.

The new education department, according to the proposal passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives, would be composed of the present office of Education, now in HEW, as well as the Defense Department's schools for overseas dependents, the Agriculture Department's graduate school, certain science education programs now run by the National Science Foundation, and college housing loans administered through the Department of Housing and Urban Development. The new education department would have an initial budget of more than $14 billion.

The higher education community would not be directly affected by the new department, but some university officials are worried. There is the concern, for example, that a separate department would lead to national educational policies and standards, something many administrators do not desire.

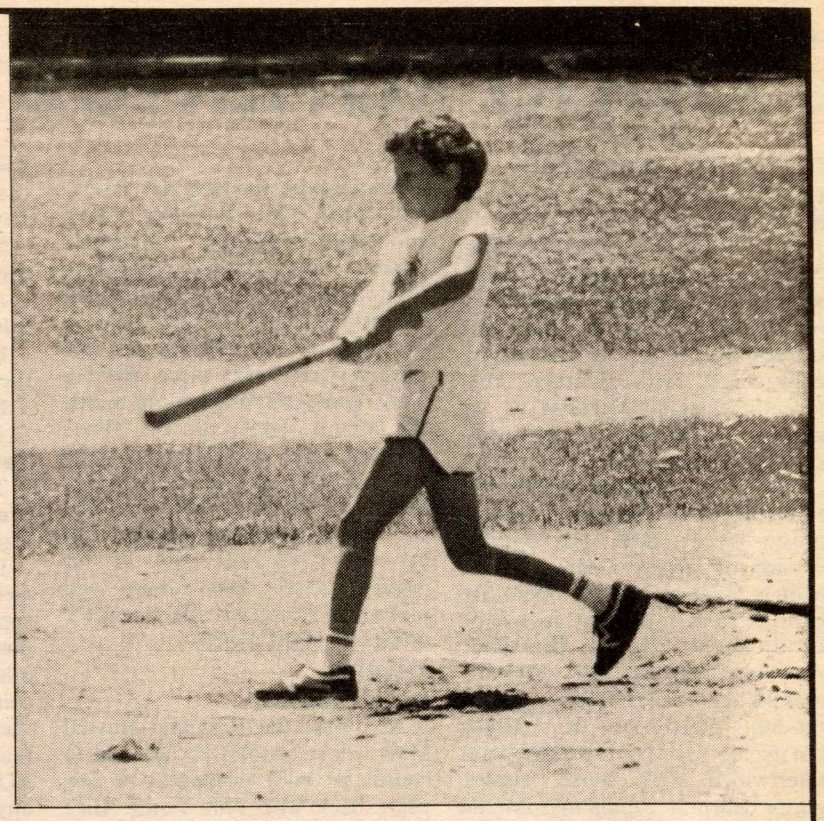
* * * * * * *

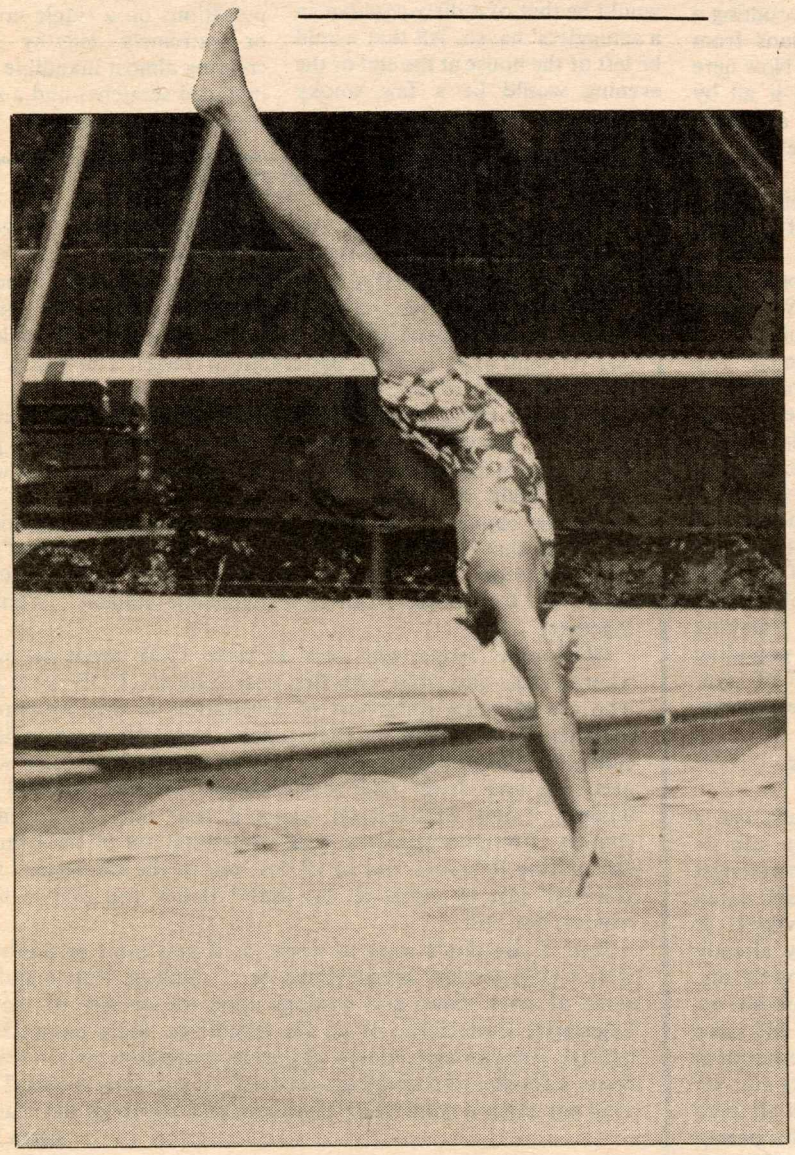
While American blacks and women form an ever-increasing part of university enrolment there are at least two notable exceptions which show that the tide has not yet fully turned in their favor. Black enrolment in medical schools, already low, is dropping. And women still have not attained much clout on the teaching or administrative levels of universities.

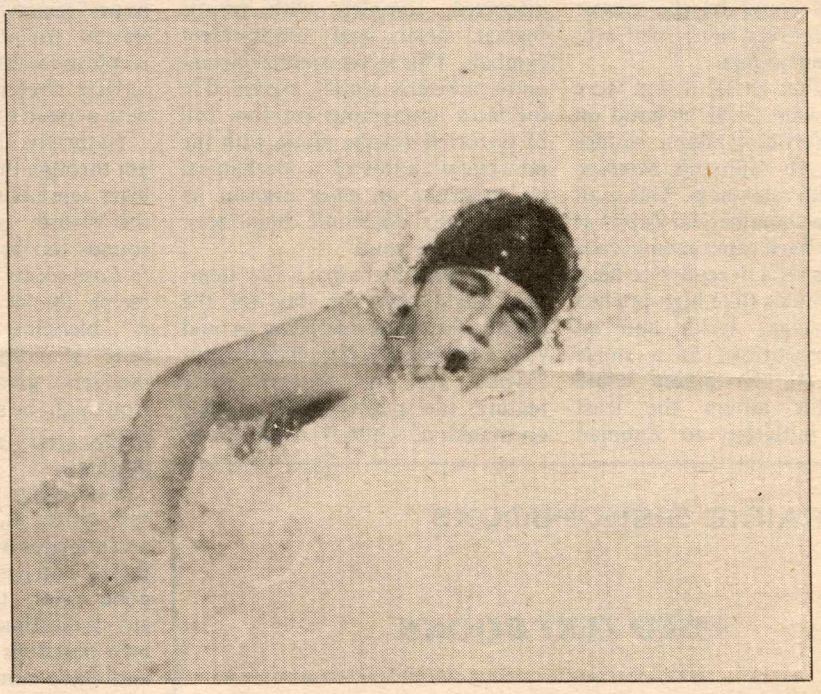
There are more blacks attending college now than ever—1.1 million, triple that of 1966. One-ninth of college students are black, double that of 1966. But the number of blacks in medical schools declined this year despite an increase in overall medical school enrolment. The proportion of blacks in the first-year medical class, according to the Association of Medical Colleges, is now the lowest it has been since 1970. More than 86 per cent of medical students are white Americans, while under 6 per cent are black Americans.

While women now comprise half the college population, there have been no gains made since 1973 in the percentage of women holding top-level administrative or tenured faculty positions in either public or private universities. A survey by the American Association of University Women found that only one-third of the 600 four-year colleges surveyed had female deans. Women hold 16.5 per cent of the tenured positions, up one-half of 1 per cent since 1973. In another survey it was found that women physicians now represent only 3.5 per cent of full professors, 5.2 per cent of associate professors and 7.8 per cent of assistant professors. There are no women doctors holding full deanships.

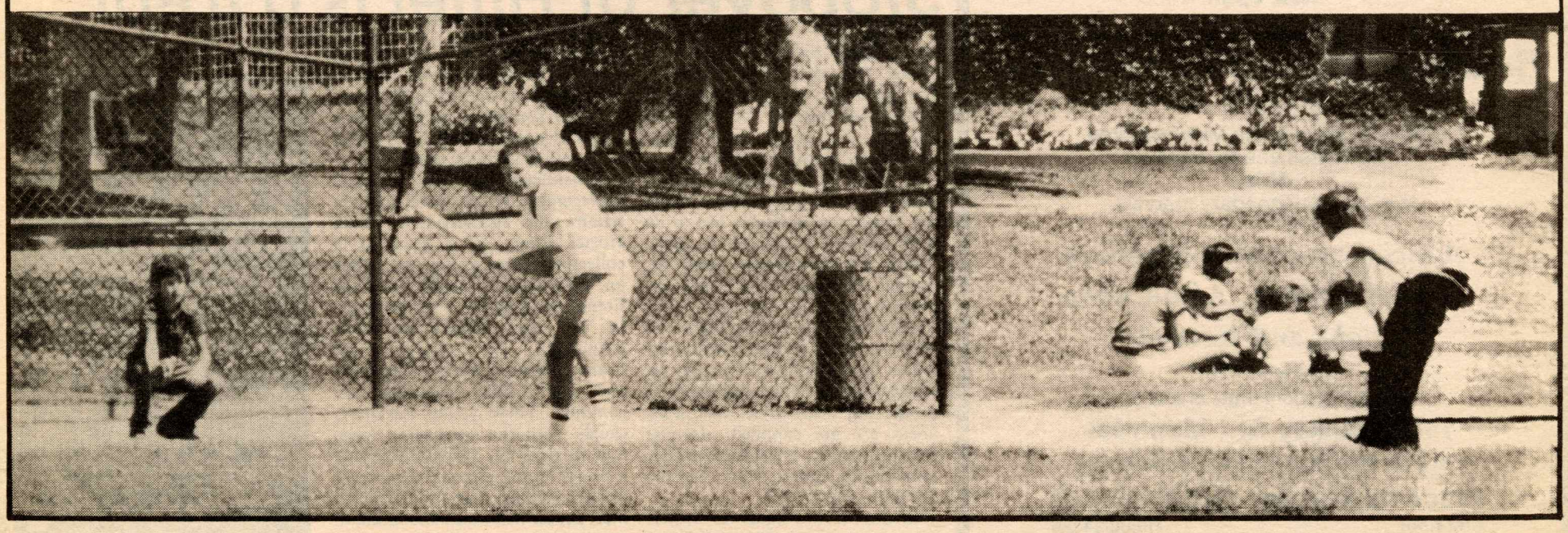
After a hot day, Mike and his friends...







Photos by Andrew Spiegel



Zappa satisfies fan's expectations

By CHARLES MONTPETIT

FRANK ZAPPA
Sheik Yerbouti/

No, the double **Yerbouti** album in *not* "the latest Zappa release", although it definitely is the freshest out of the studios. Indeed, even though Frank has terminated his engagement with Warner, they recently released **Favorite** as yet another collection of previously recorded soundtracks.

The only cut bearing any kind of resemblance to "regular" modern music is the new, less spirited version of *Strictly Genteel of* **200 Motels** fame, minus the opera-like choruses and solos that gave it all of its flavor. As for the rest... An unintiated ear has difficulty making sense out of this apparently random patchwork of clashing bursts of classical arrangements intertwined with harsh electric guitar delirium. Zappa toys around with these as if he always had been a master of the genre. Were it not for a few amusing disgressions (such as 30 seconds of western music), this could be the closest that contemporary music will ever come to being popular.

On the other hand, if you were wondering what ELSE is good on the **Sheik Yerbouti** album besides the overplayed radio hit *Dancing Fool*, you can relax now. This is all old-fashioned commercial Zappa at its best. Die-hard experimental fans will find this set a deceptive re-hash of used formulas (like high-pitched choruses, vulgar lyrics and *ad aeternam* repetitions of a single line), but all the others could consider this album the least dangerous initiation to Zappian music.

Once again, the man has proved he could do *anything*, from spoofing pompous "american dream" songs (*Bobby Brown*) to zinging sensual crooners and their candlelight music (*I have been in you* and *Broken Hearts are for Assholes*). His jazz piece, *Rubber Shirt,* made my father jump to buy the album, while all the fillers between (and within) every song will appeal to the Monty Python in every one of us. Zappa parodies everything including himself, but he never sacrifices any of his original style. This album will make you wonder if there is ANY music left in the world.

SPARKS
No. 1 in Heaven

Are these the Ron and Russell Mael whose asexual vocals used to charm us with originality a few years back with *This Town Ain't Big Enough for the Both of Us* and the *Atchoo* song? They've suddenly become almost irrecognizable. Their newest release is entirely discoized, complete with frantic regular beats and omnipresent cymbals. This is yet another drum-and-synthesizer album, exploited in the most anonymous fashion, full of distorted vocals, along with the now-classic hoots of a mechanical owl reaching an early orgasm. If you're into electronic blandness, this one's for you.

Mind you, there *are* a few items that might save the day for the album, the main one being (would you believe it?) the lyric sheet. *Tryouts for the Human Race* features the sperms' point of view on mankind, while *Beat the Clock* sheds new light on the meaning of the rat race. And *No. 1 Song in Heaven* is just that:

"...written, of course, by the Mightiest Hand.

All the angels are sheep in the fold of their master...

Lyrically weak, but the music's the thing."

How ironic.

U.K.
Danger Money

The keyboards of Emerson. The synthesizers of Genesis. The electric violin of Jean-Luc Ponty.

It takes some bands four or five persons to create highly sophisticated music, not counting a plethora of guest musicians from other reknowned groups. Now here come three kids that do it all by themselves, and achieve a quality that could easily have fit on ELP's **Tarkus** album without anybody noticing the difference. This is particularly true of the Lak-like complaint vocals in *Carrying No Cross*, or the odd percussion work in *The Only Thing She Needs* as performed by new member Terry Bozzio (of Zappian fame). The result is a fascinating mixture of terrific rhythm and togetherness, with a touch of mystical flavor.

Naturally, the only cuts that ever got through the radio waves are the least representative of the rest of the record. So if the title track sounds too hsterical or if *Nothing to Lose* seems like a run-of-the-mill recipe (banal lyrics on "making it", blending of voices, pounding beat, grandiose strokes of synthesizers), give it a chance anyway. You might be surprised.

BERNARD LAVILLIERS
Pouvoirs

You mean there actually *are* a few artists in France that can be odd enough to be reviewed amongst these? You bet there are, and damn good ones, too, if Lavilliers is any indication. You may already have heard his *1984* tune on the air, and have noticed he doesn't attempt to disguise his style and voice in order to gain international coverage. He sings his guts out, yet rarely yells. You can feel it all there in the biting lyrics and the pacing approaching that of a police TV show, oppressive and dangerous.

His technique has many similarities to Charlebois of the old days, when he used to lead the cultural revolution, or even in his more sentimental moments: Lavilliers' *La promenade des Anglais* has the same languid overtone and even slight echoing qualities that would have made it romantic, had the song not talked of greed and death.

Even if he cannot be classified as a "chansonnier" (for most of the cuts have their roots in the rock industry), Lavilliers' best audience would be that of a dirty *café-bar* in a smugglers' haven. All that would be left of the house at the end of the evening would be a few smoky ashes...

ROBERT FRIPP
Exposure

Attempting to describe Fripp's material can be hazardous to one's mental health. Let's just say that if you were a fan of King Crimson in its later stage (or in *Schizoid Man* for that matter), you'll just *love* this release.

Extremely strong bass coupled with shrieking cassette recordings make a violent constrast when we come to the sweet and delicate voice of Terry Roche (of the Roches) singing *Mary* on discreet guitar arrangements. Add inverted tracks, kitchen laughs, long and slow pulsations on a single note, brutal or extremely lengthy fade-outs creating almost inaudible passages, intended scratches and a surprising list of contributors.

CUSA CORNER

This column is released by CUSA's publicity office. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of ***The Solstice.***

CUSA to student. CUSA to student (crackle) ...come in student!

Hey, you! Read this and enjoy 'cause if you don't, me and some biology friends (Louis, Louise and crazy Rodney) will make sure you're swept away by some preternatural causes. You like it, Good. It's time for more COP news.

Bands are being booked, business is brewing with the breweries, but where are you? You, whoever you are, who wants to get involved in something or other but are not quite sure of what you could, should or would want to do. Here you are, just sitting around on campus, your head filled with thoughts of mischief and of things that go bump-bump in the night, and you don't have anything to do. And here I am, sitting here by myself, wondering where in Concordia I can find involvable students. Wanna get together?

COP needs people who want to write. COP needs people who want to meet and work with first year students. COP needs people who are planning some sort of orientation so that we can work together and not step on each other's toes. All the associations, clubs, executives want people to help or to take over some work. I need sex and drugs and rock-and-roll. Harold Stotland needs budgets. Louis Francescutti wants a bear and Agop wants a country. I'm quite sure you want something out of the Concordia Orientation Program, out of CUSA, out of the University. Or are you here just to warm up the seats? Better you than a nuclear reactor, but, still...

And if you don't want to work, or if you can't or don't know what CUSA or COP are all about, or... whatever. Pop in and instill some of your views and wisdom upon me or any of the other Legislative Councillors or on the executives, those co-presidential lackeys. Are you ugly, lonely, depraved, a mindless soul in search of disco, a fondler of pitted frogs, in brief, an apathetic student? Let us pray not. Have a good week, sayonara, and beware of the bear.

Alain Lajoie
COP Chairman

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Stopover at Hillel is a treat

By RACHEL RAYF

For the past eight summers, Concordia University Hillel at 2130 Bishop has opened its doors to welcome and house many young and weary travellers visiting our fair city. The Hostel, which consists of two upper floors in this old Concordia building, has in its time housed 70 people a night. Today the dormitories sleep 40, leaving the large front room for relaxation, discussion and backgammon. At $3.00 a night, the service is a simple one. Dormitories are set up for males and females on separate floors. The bunk beds are of the old army style, and since linens are not supplied, sleeping bags are a must. The hours are 6pm to midnight, 8am to 11am, and the telephone is 845-9957.

In Quebec two kinds of Hostels exist, those which (like Hillel) are considered stop-over hostels are generally in the big cities. Those in the country or smaller cities are set up with recreation programs and meals as many Canadians use them as travelling vacation spots.

Subsidized by the Federal Government, Hillel Hostel does not require the International Youth Hostel Card. It is part of a collective Hostel group and offers an information service in both French and English. Staff often get to use their talents in other languages, as tourists from France, Spain, Israel, Germany and many other countries are common. These young travellers, caught with the sightseeing fever and the thirst for adventure, regard a Youth Hostel not only as a cheap accommodation, but also a place to meet people in a warm and intimate atmosphere.

Andrew Spiegel

Man on the Moon: what he did for a decade of TV

By RUSSELL MELVILLE

"One small step for man...
One giant leap for mankind."
NEIL ARMSTRONG
July 20, 1969

Ten years ago, these ten simple words heralded man's inaugural venture into the dark abyss of outer space. As millions watched from the comfort of their living rooms, Neil Armstrong cautiously stepped onto the surface of the moon—an achievement that capped a decade-long race "to boldly go where no man has gone before".

Inspired by the challenge of a youthful President, man reached out into the imagination of the science-fiction writers, and the wildest dreams of thousands of earth-bound years were carried to fruition.

"I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to earth."

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

May 25, 1961.

Despite early setbacks and a disastrous flash-fire (that took the lives of three astronauts), the United States successfully achieved that goal, but the wonder of it all was the fact that television was able to immediately relay the event through the silent vacuum of space, and into the living rooms of earth-bound viewers in every corner of the globe.

Five hundred years earlier, Christopher Columbus, a sailor who didn't know where he was going or where he was when he got there, extended the horizons of the known world through his discovery of the Americas. When Columbus set sail from Spain in 1492, he travelled alone, with only his three crews to know whether or not he had fallen over the edge of the world. As the 20th century dawned, Wilbur and Orville Wright were watched by a handful of curious onlookers as they courageously lifted themselves away from the earth's surface in the inaugural hop of the first practical "heavier-than-air' craft. Less than seventy years later, man's ingenuity enabled him to practically take the whole world with him as he gingerly planted the first human footprints on the surface of the moon.

Television's greatest moments are the occasional live events that momentarily bring the world together in a single shared experience. 1969 marked the close of a "space-age" decade that had followed the first feeble attempts to break away from the earth's gravitational grip and cast an eye towards our nearest neighbor in the heavens of space.

A HOLLYWOOD SCRIPT

No Hollywood script could have carefully outlined the scenario for what was to take place—the challenge of a President, the early failures and limited successes, the tragic fire that nearly wiped out the entire program, the Christmas Eve (1968) reflections from lunar orbit, the ultimate victory of a flawless landing, and even the anti-climatic return visits—heightened by the prognosis of tragedy in the ill-fated Apollo (unlucky) 13, and the problem-plagued Skylab which lost a vital heat shield.

But trouble was brewing in the land of plenty. Vietnam and Watergate, recession and galloping inflation were to become the central troublespots in a nation that could no longer afford the luxury of long-range daydreaming.

Television also encountered its own budget-cramping upheavals. The fifties had seen the glorious days of experimentation and innovative ideas. As expenses rose, producers opted for the tried and true. Formats were rigidly adhered to, and television lost its daring. Events like the assassination of a president would propel the electronic babysitter into a vital window to reality, but its day today 'bread-and-butter' existence was content to offer a staple diet of mushy pablum for the mind. The networks religiously protected their program investments and rating-happy profits, giving the public only what the network executives claimed was what the public wanted.

And it came to pass that THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW begat THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW which begat GOMER PYLE, McHALE'S NAVY, NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS and MAYBERRY R.F.D. And THE REAL McCOYS begat THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES who in turn gave birth to PETTICOAT JUNCTION and GREEN ACRES.

CITY MOUSE VS. COUNTRY MOUSE

With the advent of the seventies, many of television's old favorites were on their last legs. Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, Lawrence Welk, Lucille Ball as well as GUNSMOKE, BONANZA and MY 3 SONS had been going strong for more than a decade. Series like THE FBI, BEWITCHED, BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, HOGAN'S HEROES and THE VIRGINIAN were rapidly approaching the ten-year milestone, but television was becoming more and more remote from the mainstream of American life. Of all the perennial favorites on the air as the sixties gave way to the 1970s, only LAWRENCE WELK and THE WORLD OF DISNEY would be able to survive beyond the early stages of the new decade.

A CHANGE OF PACE

The 1970s dawned with television on the verge of a number of major changes. First of all, cigarette advertising—which had lined the network's pockets with multi-million-dollar profits—was banned from the tube. Critics of excessive violence were crying for the networks to tone down their dramatic shoot-'em-ups. Even the mighty GUNSMOKE fell victim to the purge of violence. Having begun each episode for 15 years with the classic rear-view shot of Marshal Dillon confronting an anonymous cowpoke in the streets of Dodge City, the scene was deemed too violent for a nation reeling from the plague of the urban jungle and the constant atrocities and brutal savagery in the fields and villages of Vietnam.

Shaken by the rising groundswell of unrest, the networks decided that their programs would adopt a social relevancy reflective of the climate of the seventies. Middle-class widows and countrified hicks suddenly vanished in a purge of all the old-fashioned programming the networks had been carrying.

The fall of 1970 saw the arrival of THE YOUNG REBELS, THE YOUNG LAWYERS, MATT LINCOLN, STOREFRONT LAWYERS and THE SENATOR. The move was a total disaster. Except for THE SENATOR (whose critical praise kept it on the air for the full season), all the socially-relevant programs quietly disappeared with the winter snows. The networks quickly turned to popular movie personalities to grace the fall schedules in the following season. Glenn Ford, Jimmy Stewart, Shirley MacLaine, Anthony Quinn, James Garner, Tony Curtis, Rod Taylor and Henry Fonda all crossed from the giant screen to the 21-inch tube. Following on the heels of their 'relevant' predecessors, they quickly disappeared without satisfying the appetites of violence-starved televiewers.

NETWORK PROGRAMMING LIMITED

But unrest was brewing within the television industry itself. Independent producers who were unable to sell program concepts to the ratings-crazy networks had been crying for a limit on the amount of time networks could offer during the prime evening hours. In the fall of 1971, the imposition of the "three-hour rule" placed a maximum of 21 prime-time hours per week (out of a possible 7-11 p.m. total of 28) on the amount of programming that each network could supply to its affiliate stations. Designed to open up the station's evening programming to a wider range of local and syndicated productions, the "three-hour rule" bogged down when both stations and the networks discovered that, rather than limiting their potential, it actually served to increase their profit margins. Innovative programming plans failed to materialize as station after station discovered the greater financial profits that accompanied the scheduling of cheap, economical gameshows—most of which were nighttime versions of well-established daytime hits.

The "three-hour rule", rather than improving program choices, ultimately left the viewer out on a limb. It improved the profits of broadcasters and defeated its own aims in the continuing exploitation of pop culture for greed.

THE CHANGING FACE OF COMEDY

1971 was a turning point in the history of television for reasons other than the imposition of the "three-hour rule". On a cold night in January of that year, the "sugar-coated" middle-class world of television situation comedies was dealt a savage blow.

A weekly visit into the New York living room of a working-class stiff, his 'ding-bat' wife, their liberal 'meat-headed' son-in-law and his 'kewpie-doll' wife drew its laughter from the sensitive divisions of Vietnam, generation gaps, racial relations and tradition versus change in American society.

Opening the doors for social comedies to examine the issues in America in a realistic and controversial manner, ALL IN THE FAMILY proved to be the window-on-the-nation that had long been lacking from commercial television. The unrest and upheaval caused by an unpopular war and the deteriorating urban environment was the basis for its storylines. In the post-Watergate 'heal-our-wounds' presidency of Gerald Ford, the country's mellowing was reflected as Mike & Gloria moved out of Archie's home and into the domesticity of their own family lifestyle. The confrontations mellowed as the nation strove for a complacency that seemingly had disappeared at the end of the fifties.

While ALL IN THE FAMILY continued its ever-popular run, television comedy changed course once again as the decade moved into the second half. HAPPY DAYS and LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY took us back to the innocent, fun-loving teenage antics in a 1950s world that would soon become lost in the mire of assassinations, student unrest and undeclared war. Its sad to realize that if it was starting out today, ALL IN THE FAMILY would not survive the competitive shambles that currently passes for network television schedules. As the seventies fade into the 1980s, comedy has returned to the slapstick antics of character zanies in the tradition of Lucille Ball at her side-splitting best. But where Lucy relied on slapstick situations for her comedy prat-falls, today's pale imitators spew forth an unending stream of sexual innuendo and double entendre humor to fill in the gaps of unfunny storylines.

Up to this point we have only discussed American commercial television and a fraction of its evolution from a middle-class fantasy world of the 1960s into an attempted relevancy towards society in the 1970s. Another effort to stem off the rising criticisms of excessive violence in an unending parade of detective and police thrillers was the imposition of the so-called "family hour"—that period between 7 and 9 each evening when families could safely gather together without parents hving to worry about what their innocent little children might be exposed to. The only problem is that nobody can accurately define just what is or isn't good, wholesome family entertainment. The effect of the "family hour" has only served to maintain blandness as "wholesomeness".

Betty Carter at the Sun

Singer revives jazz tradition

By PAUL SERRALHEIRO

Last weekend we got a chance to catch one of a dying breed of artists, the jazz singer, as Betty Carter took the stage at the Rising Sun.

Like Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughn, Betty Carter has been around for some time, but unlike the two who have well established reputations, Betty Carter has remained a toiling artist, firmly dedicated to jazz singing as an art, at the expense of staying in the shadows of popular recognition.

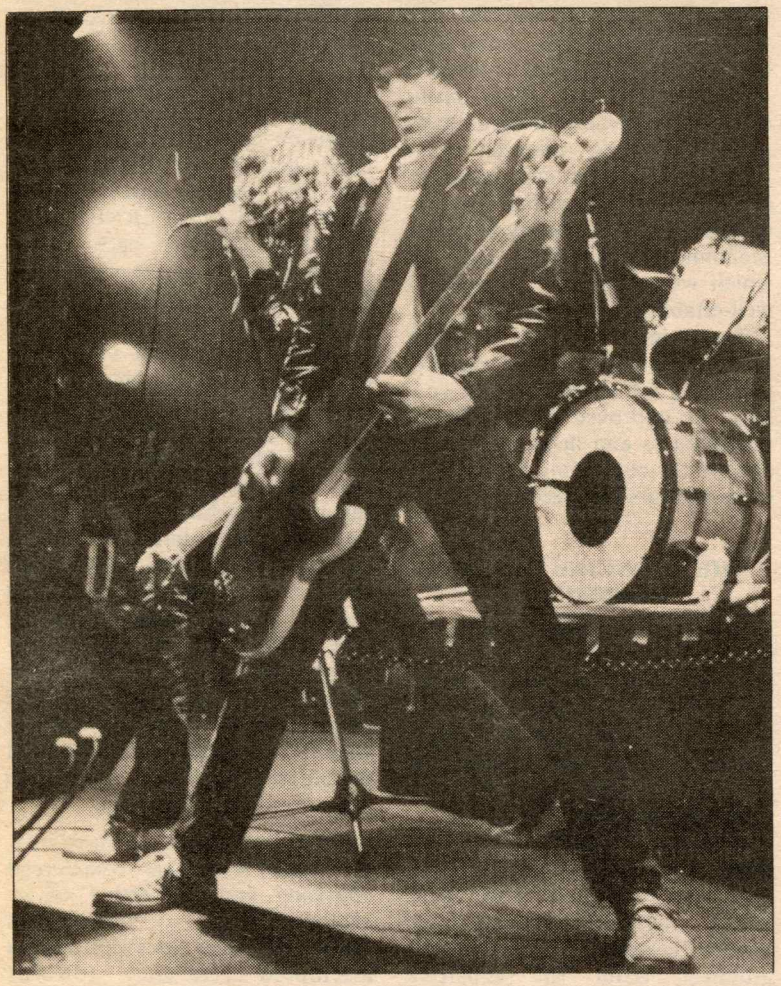
Accompanied by Ken Washington on drums, Curtis Lundy on Bass and John Hicks on piano, Betty Carter worked out songs with the care of a craftsman. Emotionally colouring every sound, Carter dipped through many moods, letting her voice sink low to a barely audible murmur and break out with passionate force.

The emotional power Carter seemed to possess was not unlike that which one associates with Billie Holiday, though the approach to the "song" as plastic material is dramatically different with Carter. Like Holiday, and any good jazz singer, Carter works from an emotional base, feeling running through and compelling her vocal flights. But unlike Holiday and any "traditional" jazz singer, Carter delves freely into the pure sounds of the words, often distorting them and breaking into fits of scatting.

The musicians accompanying Carter last weekend were simply great. Having a good back-bone of jazz-coloured Latin rhythms, the band was totally engaging. Ken Washington showed remarkable control of his sticks and brushes, displaying an incredible knack for laying the beats in just the right places. Curtis Lundy's bass playing was a rumbling outflow of creatively-channeled emotion, and John Hicks' piano coloured the rhythmic texture beautifully.

This week at the Rising Sun you can catch another display of jazz singing as the Bug Alley Band take the stage. Karen Young, the lead singer of the group, is one of the few young jazz singers around who is compelling to watch. The group has a good repertoire of Count Basie tunes with vocal adaptations by Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. Good listening!

Punks "pogo" and pass out to Ramones' raunchy rock



Dee Dee Ramone, in centre stage with his wailing oversized bass.

By GERARD VAN HERK

The Ramones
Le Pretzel Enchainé
July 13th & 14th

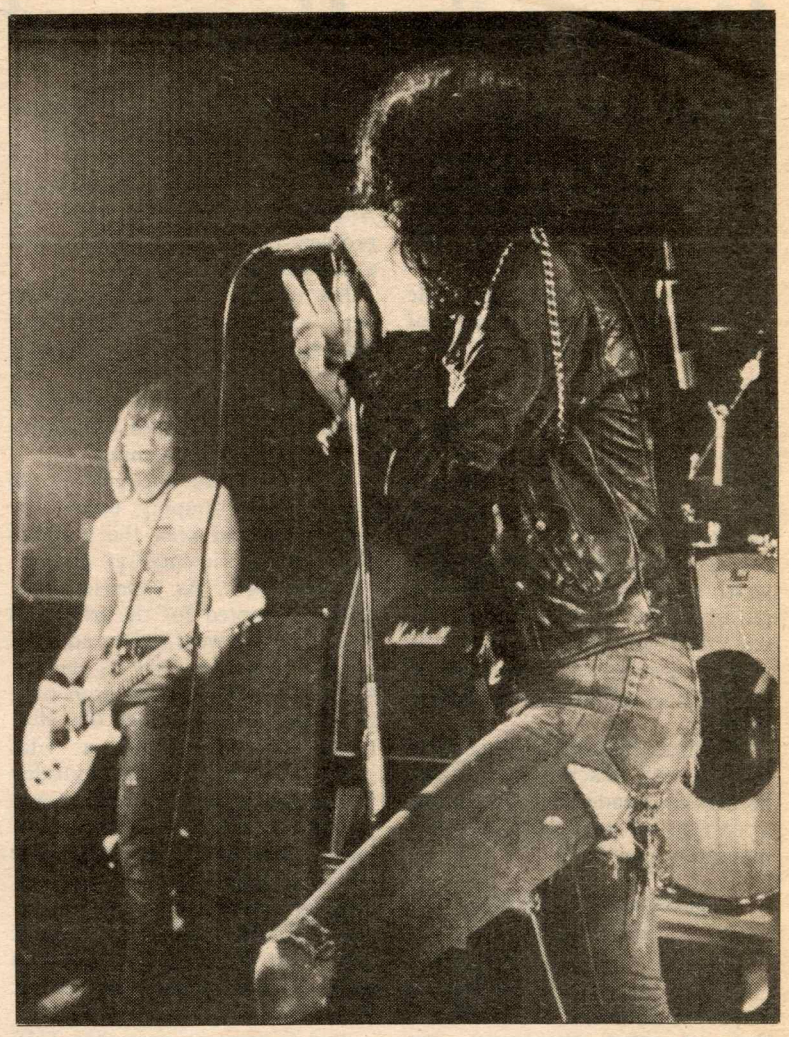
I remember several months ago playing a Ramones album to a friend who had never heard of the band. She listened for a while, then said, "But how do you *relate* to that?"

"You don't relate to it," I said. "You pogo to it."

Actually, I didn't think of the comeback until later, but I've been dying for a chance to use it, and besides, it pretty well sums up what the band is all about: simple, very loud rock 'n' roll guaranteed to make you jump up and down, with minimal lyrics and no time-wasting instrumental solos. Every song is two minutes of headbanger music dealing with death, insanity, love, and sniffin' glue.

So it was that I expected a lot from last weekend's shows at Le Pretzel Enchainé, enough to sit on the doorstep both nights from six o'clock on. Lounging around with a bunch of confirmed rock 'n' roll loonies, swigging beer from the Provi-soir and trading trivia ("Dee Dee takes four showers a day!") isn't the worst way to spend a hot July eve.

We were let in around nine, then had to while away another hour and a half drinking $1.50 beer from plastic cups and listening to recorded music. It turned out to be worth it, and more.



Joey Ramone, in one of his classic poses (and outfits) performs for raving fans at Le Pretzel Enchaîné.

Da brudders from da Bronx hit the stage around 10:30, and kept hitting it for about an hour. From the opening of "Blitzkreig Bop" (with the whole crowd yelling "Hey! Ho! Let's go!") through about thirty songs, the boys hit us with all the subtlety of a chain saw on overdrive. They played the favourites "Rockaway Beach", "Sheena is a Punk Rocker", "I Wanna Be Sedated", and more at breakneck speed, having almost as much fun as we were.

There's no stoppin' the cretins from hoppin'
You gotta keep it beatin' for all the hoppin' cretins
1-2-3-4! Cretins wanna hop some more!

Guitarist Johnny Ramone was giving his 3-chord all to the left of the stage (and on Friday had to be helped off after the show), while on the right bassist Dee Dee did the same, dripping sweat all over us. Stage center Joey gave his all and his voice, reduced near the end to just getting out key words here and there. And Marky played drums.

The boys left the stage just before total collapse, but we knew they'd be back. And they were, to do a couple of three-song encores highlighted by covers of Jim Lee's "Let's Dance" and Bobby Freeman's "Do Ya Wanna Dance". We danced with every bit of energy we had left.

Then it was over, and we picked up the assorted clothing we'd flung off in the 45-Celsius heat and headed for fresh air. Outside the club, we collapsed on parked cars, the steps, the lawn, the street. Three people had passed out and were carried from the club. My ears were ringing with a vengeance, I was having trouble standing, and I was drenched in sweat. It was great. I can't wait till the Ramones come back.

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